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FROM  
NO  
MAN'S  
LAND

By  
Isola  
Forrester  
Copyright, 1904,  
by Isola  
Merrifield

Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land,  
Moon of Popples.

Dear—Look at above heading and  
dream a dream of joy. I'm here, and  
when I saw that name tacked up over  
the portals of our hotel I said, "Here's  
where I rusticate just on the strength  
of the name."

We are up on a bluff—sand bluff.  
I've been here three blessed, broiling  
days and haven't found anything in  
the place yet but sand and bluff. And  
sea, lots of sea, so much sea that you  
hope you'll never have to see so much  
sea again in all your life. Also a bath-  
house, tintype tent, peanut pavilion  
and bathing houses—little, hot, new  
pine coffins stood up on end. Also  
girls and girls and girls, from sixteen  
to sixty, assorted sizes, and all looking  
for the man. There are lots of him  
running around in the days of his  
youth, but for a real man such as we  
are led to expect, by all the summer  
lore ever written, hangs his delightful  
self around summer resorts and wears  
white duck and brings you water lilies  
and sighs over a mandarin at you  
neath the pale moonlight—there isn't  
a single specimen wandering for miles  
around our villa.

Do you know what they call this par-  
ticular cypress I have alighted on? No  
Man's Land. Pleasant, isn't it, after  
you've tolled over a typewriter while  
the wintry wind did a ragtime dance  
around your furless throat and you  
didn't give a rap because you were  
thinking of your white waists and your  
linens and organdies and your heav-  
enly, floppy Trianon hat with its lace  
veranda, all of which should storm the  
heart of the summer man and make  
him fall down and worship by the sil-  
very starlight?

Nancie Bell, it isn't any such stuff.  
There isn't any summer man, and  
even if there were and he didn't  
have sense enough to run away the  
minute he grasped the situation I  
wouldn't have a bit of respect for him.

That's all. I shall be home in a  
few days, just as soon as I have tan  
enough to bluff the stay-at-homes into  
the idea that I've had a glorious time  
and been belle of the beach. Be  
strong, Nancie. Don't look even at an  
excursion steamer. If sinners entice  
thee, dress up in your organdies and  
walk down Fifth avenue and you'll  
see more admiring sons of Adam in  
an hour than you will out here in a  
week. Happlessly yours,

PERDITA.

## Day After Yesterday.

Hello, central! All hail the man!  
He came, he saw, and Caesar isn't a  
circumstance. He has taken the large  
corner room. Mrs. Banks, our general  
overseer, says he is an exceptional  
young man. Wonder how much board  
he paid in advance!

He isn't real young nor real old; just  
that intermediate age that is so inter-  
esting. I don't think he is exactly  
handsome, but you know what a prop-  
erly trimmed vandyke and a pair of  
rimless eyeglasses will do for any man.  
He's that kind.

This morning he escorted all of us  
through the glen. Did I tell you that  
we had a glen? Oh, yes; Glen Ellyn.  
Just ferliest the villa. It's a break in  
the sand bluff, and it's damp and piny  
and darksome at midday. Heretofore  
the organdie flock had religiously es-  
chewed its ferny swampiness, but you  
should have seen us trail after him  
over fen and stump and hidden vine  
the while he fished out dinky little  
weeds and discoursed on them.

I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's  
better than a barber. A letter came for  
him today addressed to Professor Ad-  
rian Vogel. How's that for individual-  
ity? He looks it too. He does not  
dance, and he does not play the mando-  
lin. He goes for his morning dip at  
some unearthly hour before we are up.  
In fact, he does not do any of the or-  
thodox summer "manisms," but he has  
manners and customs of his own.

For instance, he sings, and sings well.  
There are about ninety and nine muses  
who group themselves in the parlors  
after dinner to listen to their Apollo.  
When he sings "All Aboard For Dream-  
land" he looks at you as much as to  
say he has only two passes for the boat,  
but the other one is for you.

Yachting and autoing he class as  
nerve racking, but nature and close to  
nature's heart and all the rest of it is  
what the professor's joy is. I think  
privately we would get closer to na-  
ture's heart and the professor's heart,  
too, if he could be made to understand  
the expediency of individual lessons for  
his botany pupils. But he cannot. He  
calls for a class, and we are all classed.

I hope for the best. So do the other  
ninety and eight muses. Botanically  
yours,

PERDITA.

## Saturday.

Come to No Man's Land every time  
for something doing. We have saved  
the professor's life. If it had only been  
one of us it wouldn't have been so com-  
plicated. A composite gratitude doesn't  
go far when it has to be passed around.  
It was long after lunchtime, and he  
never misses lunchtime. He can put  
away more fried bluefish and black-  
berry poppie than five of the muses,  
but it is only proof of his exceptional  
excellence, and the overseer never re-  
bukes him.

Did I tell you she was a widow, also

Interested in botany? I think she stands  
second best. He likes fried bluefish, etc.  
Anyway, we missed him, and there  
was a swift summer storm stealing  
blackly up from the horizon, and the  
sea moaned as it broke in sobs along  
the shore. They do that kind of thing  
all right. I used to think that went  
with the summer man, but it doesn't.

MacGregor Clarence Blair said he  
hadn't showed up since breakfast, and  
he'd seen him making a bee line for the  
glen, and he'd said, "What's yer hurry?"  
and the professor had said he hoped  
he could have one morning in peace to  
study without that thundering crowd  
of old maids hiking after him.

We didn't believe MacGregor. He  
looks like a pale, new sand fly, and his  
father and mother own all of No Man's  
Land. The professor never in all this  
world used such words as hiking and  
thundering, but MacGregor did. There-  
fore, I may say, in the same common  
parlance, that the whole thundering  
crowd of old maids pitched in and lam-  
basted MacGregor until his pretty  
white linen suit was not fair to see and  
his twining curls were full of sand  
burs. Then he howled and retracted, and  
we all went up the glen after the professor.

The glen deepens and darkens as you  
go in, and the sides are rocky and pre-  
cipitous, with much shrubbery and un-  
dergrowth and scraggly pine trees listed  
to windward. And just as the first  
streak of lightning quivered in the sky  
we heard a faint shout for help.

It was the professor. He hung sus-  
pended in air on the bare limb of a  
dead pine that jutted out from the rock  
halfway up the bluff, like Genus on  
Pegasus, the widow said—on a petrified  
Pegasus.

Then Genevieve Perley, our college  
product, said Pegasus couldn't be pet-  
rified. He would have to be ossified.  
And the widow began to cry and sat  
down on a log and said she didn't care  
a bit either way, ossified or petrified,  
and Professor Vogel was such a lovely  
man and always paid his board like a  
gentleman, and she hated to see him  
killed before her eyes, and she never  
felt so much like fainting before in all  
her life.

Genevieve said fainting was counted  
out. He was a fine target for light-  
ning up there, and while it was none of  
her business and she had no interest in  
the professor as a lovely man or in the  
continuance of his regular board pay-  
ing, still she thought a rope might be a  
good thing.

"In mountainous countries," began  
Agatha, the artist, who has been Eu-  
ropeized, "I believe they tie a rope  
around the waist of one person."

"It's the shoulders," said Genevieve;  
"kind of a slipknot."

The professor shouted for help again,  
this time fainter still.

"No; the waist," said Agatha firmly.

"And lower that person over the moun-  
tain side until he rescues the other  
party."

"Let's lower MacGregor," murmured  
Genevieve, but the widow cried and  
said her feet were getting wet and she  
didn't think it was right to joke in the  
face of death. That braced us up, be-  
cause the professor did look like it, so  
while the fleeting moments sped Gene-  
vieve and I sped faster and found  
some clotheslines and a couple of husky  
lads in sweaters from the peanut stand  
and the boathouse, and we sped back to  
the glen.

Then the husky lads climbed the  
bluff on the sandy side and did the  
Alpine act with the clotheslines, assist-  
ed by several ropes from the boathouse,  
and before our eyes the professor was  
pulled back to life and liberty.

He is resting now. It is dark and  
still at the villa. No hops or mando-  
lins tonight. The shock will bring him  
to, I think, from the botanical dream  
and cause him to concentrate his joy  
on some loving, sympathetic heart, and  
it may be your — PERDITA.

## Monday.

I shall be home on the Tuesday boat.  
The other girls are packing too. The  
overseer has fainted. Only the profess-  
or is serene. He was up bright and  
early this morning to meet the 6:08  
train, and when he came back he had a  
Mrs. Professor and three little Profess-  
or juniors tagging merrily along after him.

No, I don't think men were deceivers  
ever. I think it was absentminded-  
ness. Only Mrs. Professor gave the  
muses their crushing blow when she  
said she was so glad we had all joined  
the professor's summer botany class,  
as he had reduced the course rate to  
\$10, and she thought it was the sweet-  
est, most elevating study one could  
take up. We all assured her it was el-  
evating. It was—for the professor.

And we're all going home tomorrow.  
Yours for single blessedness,

PERDITA.

## A Philadelphia Gallant.

There is nothing that astonishes a  
woman so much as meeting a man  
who takes her at her word. A certain  
very impetuous young woman living  
in the suburbs of this city experienced  
this unique sensation when she at-  
tended a musicale given by a friend  
and met a specimen of the too literal  
male. She was about to leave the  
house when her hostess called after  
her: "Oh, don't think of going out on  
such a stormy night alone. Mr. G.  
will be glad to go with you. Won't  
you, Mr. G.?" turning to a gentleman  
at her right. "Delighted," said the  
would-be escort, beaming on the young  
woman, and he slipped on his over-  
coat and stood ready with hat and  
umbrella in hand. "Oh, please don't  
bother," said the protesting girl. "You  
know I am quite accustomed to going  
out alone. I am not the least bit  
afraid. I nearly always leave here un-  
escorted." "Oh, well, if that is the  
case," said the stupid man, "I don't

need to go then. I would not think of  
interfering with your lifelong habits." And  
without giving the independent  
young woman a chance to avail herself  
of his escort he threw off his overcoat  
and joined a pretty blond at the end  
of the hallway.—Philadelphia Record.

## Cronje's Surrender.

The capitulation of Cronje and his  
4,000 men on the anniversary of Maju-  
ba day, 1900, will be remembered as  
long as any incident of the Boer war.  
An onslaught made by the Canadians,  
who had intrenched themselves eighty  
yards from the Boer position in the  
river bed at Paardeburg, was greeted  
not by a storm of musketry, as had  
been expected, but by the appearance  
of three white flags hastily thrust  
above the parapet of the Boer trench-  
es. Then a horseman appeared, carry-  
ing another white flag and intent on  
arranging a meeting between the gen-  
erals. Forth from the laager came  
presently two men, one mounted on a  
white pony, in his hand a sjambok,  
wearing a brown felt hat and a huge  
overcoat, nothing of his face visible  
but a thicket of hair and two glowing  
sparks for eyes. This was Cronje, who  
had kept the British army at bay for  
ten days with no better shelter than  
could be afforded him by a deep river  
bed. "I am glad to meet so brave a  
man," said Lord Roberts, but he re-  
fused to accept anything short of un-  
conditional surrender. Cronje's reply to  
the terms of the capitulation was  
short, but effective. "Ja," he blurted  
out.—London Globe.

## Scotch Stories.

It was late in the afternoon when  
the Scotch minister arrived at the  
farmhouse. The housewife suggested  
that perhaps he would like a cup of tea  
before engaging in "exercises." "Na,  
na," said he, "I aye tak' my tea better  
when my work is done. I'll just be  
gaun on. Ye can bing the pan on and  
leave the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a  
close in the prayer when I hear the  
haan fizin'."

Another woman of Scotland when  
asked if she had understood the ser-  
mon to which she had just been lis-  
tening replied, "Wad I hae the pre-  
sumption?"



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